

A NEW ONE

The old gentleman was very absent-minded. He met a lady in a car one day and shook her hand and said:

"How's the dear husband?"

"Boo-hoo, he's dead," said the lady, bursting into tears. "Don't you remember the funeral last week?"

"Why, yes," said the old gentleman, biting his lip. "Why, yes, of course."

A few days later he met the lady again.

"How do you do?" he said. "And how is your husband this fine bracing weather?"

"Still dead," said the lady. And the old gentleman blushed.

"I'll make a note of that," he muttered to himself as he hurried away. And a short time afterward

when he met the lady once more the thought instantly shot into his mind—"Husband. Troubl. about husband." So he adopted a very sympathetic air and said, pressing her hand:

"Why, how do you do? And your poor dear husband, he—"

"Oh, he's fine," interrupted the lady. "We've just got back from our honeymoon."

WHEN TIME FLIES

For one glorious week he had been "dashing it" at a seaside town. Now he had bought her the last ice, the last bag of strawberries and the last box of chocolate, and was waiting for the train. On lightning wings the time for parting had arrived. He leaned disconsolately from the window of the car.

"Good-by, dear!" he murmured mournfully. "I'll write tomorrow."

"Good-by, Bertie!" she returned, with brave smiles. "Don't forget, now. Hasn't it all been splendid?"

"The time I've left behind me will always find a place among my sweetest memories," he said, sadly. Then the engine whistled and fate bore him away. "Yes," he sighed, as he surveyed an empty watch chain, "I shall always remember the time I've left behind."

"Did you see that Jim got ten years for stealing that hoss?" "Serve him right, too. Why didn't he buy the hoss and not pay for him, like any other gentleman?"

